

"Portraits of Angela"

P O R T R A I T S O F A N G E L A

B Y

I R E N E M A H O N E Y , O S U



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PORTRAITS OF ANGELA was written in the spring of 1985 to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the founding of the Company of St. Ursula.

It was first performed by Roberta Nobleman at the Ursuline Convent, Wimbledon, England. Subsequent performances have been given at the following Ursuline houses:
New Orleans, Louisiana; Cincinnati, Ohio;
Wilmington, Delaware; Maple Mount, Kentucky;
New Rochelle, New York; Mt. St. Ursula,
Bronx, New York.

INTRODUCTION

Angela Merici, born in Desenzano in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, founded in 1535 the Company of St. Ursula. With this foundation a new structure of religious life was introduced into the Church. Angela's daughters, vowed to celibacy, were to continue to live in their own homes while carrying out their ministry of service within the Church. Out of this original structure various forms of religious life emerged: some adhering to Angela's original ideal, others changing shape to suit divers times and places. Yet despite their diversity all are unified in claiming Angela as their foundress and in recognizing that their origins are to be found in the small fertile seed planted in Brescia in 1535.

In the three monologues which comprise PORTRAITS OF ANGELA, the first (Antonio Romano) portrays the qualities of Angela herself; the second (Barbara Fontana) the foundation of the Company and its first flowering; and the third (Isabetta Prato) the trials which beset it following the foundress's death.

While the personalities of the speakers are to some extent imagined since little is known about them, the facts presented are historically correct and the words of St. Angela are accurate quotations from her existing writings.

ANTONIO ROMANO

In 1564 when depositions concerning the life and holiness of Angela Merici were being taken, Antonio Romano was called as someone who had known Angela personally.

He had met her when she came to Brescia in 1516 and for the next fourteen years she lived in a room provided by him in his home. He also accompanied her on her pilgrimage to Mantua and later to the Holy Land.

In this monologue he is making his deposition. He is now seventy-four years old. In his day he was a man who commanded respect. Here he shows himself as someone used to being obeyed, a bit testy perhaps, wanting to say what he wants to say. He is volatile and self-confident, with a wry sense of humor. His friendship with Angela is clearly the central point of his life.

BARBARA FONTANA

Barbara Fontana, one of the first members of the Company, was Angela's companion in her final years at St. Afra's. We know little about her beyond the fact that she was chosen as one of the mistresses to instruct and guide the young women of the Company. After the first years she is never mentioned and we may presume she died young.

Here we find her talking to two fictional characters: Margarita who is thinking of joining the Company; and Benedetta who is one of its young members. As Romano's account dealt mainly with Angela's early years in Brescia and her active apostolate, this account deals with her final years and with her organization of the Company she had been instructed by God to found.

Barbara is young and winsome, alive with the first fervor of the Company and imbued with Angela's own spirit. She has had little formal education and is doubtless from the poorer classes. Naïve in the ways of the world, she is strong and secure in her understanding of Angela's dream and in her belief in the Company.

ISABETTA PRATO

Isabetta Prato, a member of the upper classes, spent her life in works of service in Brescia. It was in this connection that she met Angela during the latter's first years in the city. Later, when Angela was forming her Company, Isabetta offered her a room in her home where the original members made their promises and which became the Oratory for the Company. She was appointed one of the first Lady Governesses and following Angela's death was involved in the difficult years of dissension and division. Later she became the fourth Mistress General of the Company.

Of all those engaged in the Company, Isabetta Prato knew Angela longest and most intimately having shared her dream from the beginning. Here we witness her grief and discouragement as she watches the Company falter and her struggle to trust in Angela's promise that the Company would continue to exist despite all obstacles.

Isabetta Prato is a woman mature in both age and experience. That her friendship with Angela is one of the enduring relationships of her life there can be no doubt. Unlike Barbara she is a woman used to both money and authority. Closer to Angela than any of the other Lady Governesses, she feels she understands her spirit best and she is swept with anger and bitterness when she sees that spirit violated. Because she is passionate in her love for the Company, the crisis of hope she endures when she sees the Company crumble pierces to the core of her faith.



ANTONIO ROMANO

Tell the truth? Of course, I tell the truth! You think I have something to hide, an old fellow like me? Yes, yes, I will put my hand on the Book and swear: I swear to tell the truth about the deceased's whole life. That is how the phrase goes, am I right?

My name? The same as it always was: Antonio Romano. Antonio after our own Antonio from Padua. In our household we had great devotion to this saint. In fact, for my mother (God rest her soul!) he was as important as the Evangelist. Keep to the question? Fine, fine, I'll keep to the question. What next?

My age? Maybe you would like to guess! How old? Sixty? Maybe seventy? An old man, you are thinking, maybe too old to give an accurate statement. Maybe we shouldn't have called this old man with his wandering mind. Don't shake your heads; I can see it in your faces. Old Romano! Old Romano the Merchant! Living past his time. An old fellow in his seventies with his brains rattling around in his head. Is that what you're thinking?

So write this down in your record: Antonio Romano, merchant of Brescia, a man now seventy-four years of age, spared by God until this day so that he can give witness to that holy woman, that woman who shared his home, shared his

home for fourteen years, who was his friend. Yes, his friend. His friend who ate and spoke with him, who prayed in his house-- in my house, MY house. You understand? You know what it is like to have a saint, a Chosen One, for your friend? It is like. . . I don't know how to say it. . . like music, like something that sings always--very soft, pianissimo, the musicians would say, sometimes barely audible, sometimes swelling so your heart can hardly breathe--but always this presence, touched by God, so that you live touched and tuned to divine harmony. That was my Angela, my saint. Suor Madre Angela, we called her.

She is gone now. How long? Thirty years? And yet I am still tuned to her melody. I think I will always be. She said in her letters to her daughters that she would be more alive after death than when she was in the flesh, that she would see them more clearly and know them better, that she would be more able to help them than when she was alive in the world. It's true, what she said to them; it's true for all of us. She lives with us still, my saintly friend. . . .

What? No, I didn't hear the question. No, I'm not deaf but you speak with that mealy-mouthed Italian of yours! What do you want to know?

How I met Angela Merici: I met her in the house of the widow Signora Patengola.

You want to know more? That is not enough? Please give you the details? First I talk too much; then I don't talk enough! Yes, yes. I will tell you. Of course I remember! What do you think I am, an old beggar who has no wits? She wouldn't like me to talk like that, Angela wouldn't. She wasn't afraid to correct me even though I was her provider. Sometimes she said nothing but if you looked and saw her eyes and the set of her mouth, you knew the Madre was not pleased.

You didn't defame the poor in front of her, I can tell you! Nor sinners neither! Yes, there was that look--and sometimes words to follow it:

They are all God's children and you have no idea what He wishes to make of them. How can you know that those who to you seem worthless and unattractive, will not be the very ones to show the greatest generosity and be the most pleasing to His Divine Majesty? And who can be the judge of another being's heart and inmost thought? Welcome them, then, and bear with all of them impartially, for it is not for you to judge God's servants.

She was not afraid to shake her finger at you--kindly, yes, but firmly too. Rich or poor, it didn't matter to the Madre. She was--how do the Gospels put it--"No respecter of persons!" One day, I remember, she had come in from her work

and there was a young.

What's that? Please answer the question? Other things will come later? Tell only how I met the Madre. Very well. Very well.

This I have already told you. I met her at the home of Signora Patengola, Caterina Patengola. Poor lady, she was in sore distress. A husband dead and then two fine sons following him to the grave. Yes, yes. I'm telling you how I met the Madre. Mother of God, what idiocy! Don't swear? Pardon, Your Excellency, I do not swear. I pray to the Madonna for patience. Is it not permitted to pray?

So, yes. I was the good friend of Girolamo Patengola and often we met at his mother's house--Agostino Gallo, Giacomo Chizzola and I. We were all young men, then, in our twenties. Full of energy and ambition--some good, some bad, I suppose. Agostino and I were both from merchant families. Giacomo was already in city government. I wonder, sometimes, had we not met the Madre would our lives be different.

She had been in Brescia only a few weeks when I met her. She had been sent by her Franciscan superior--she was Terziaria, as they say--to stay with Signora Patengola to console her in her bereavement. She was a woman in her forties, or thereabouts. It was hard to say. She was not like other women I knew in

Brescia--their hair curled and braided, their faces powdered, their necks and shoulders covered with lace and jewelry. The Madre was small; yet not frail as I was to find out later when we made our pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Many ladies her age would not have had the courage to travel as we did but on the whole pilgrimage she would accept nothing unusual for herself. Then, when we stopped at Candia there was that terrible. . . .

I wander from the point? I thought the point was to tell you in completeness what I remember of the whole life of Angela Merici. I see, I see; but it must be in order. You have questions and I must answer them. We must proceed in regular fashion. Of course. So, please, tell me the question.

Ah, yes. She moved into my home the same year she came to Brescia: 1516. She stayed only a few months with the Patengolas. When Signora Patengola had recovered a little from her grief, the Madre felt that her task was done and she prepared to return home. She had come only through obedience and it had not occurred to her to stay on in our city. She was a country woman, you know. Not a peasant, you understand, but a woman who had grown up in country places, who was used to fields and open sky and quiet in the evenings when the sun had gone down.

Our Brescia offered her none of that. I don't have to tell you about Brescia--then or now. Of course, I am not demeaning it. It is my city, too, as well as yours--and I

wish for it peace and prosperity and the grace of God. I have always wished these things. Perhaps that is how we persuaded the Madre to stay--not to go home to her quiet village but to stay with us here in Brescia where she was so sorely needed.

God, how she was needed! Who is old enough here to remember those days? Nobody? Only old Romano! Yes, I remember, but there are things I would rather forget.

Yes, of course, by the time the Madre arrived in Brescia the wars were over. The guns were quiet, the battering rams had been withdrawn, the sacking and the raping and the pillaging were over. Yet let me ask you this: how long does a war go on after the guns are silent? Can you answer me this? I will tell you: a long time, a long long time. It is not over when the bodies are buried, when the wounds have begun to heal, when those who have lost arms and legs and eyes have learned to hobble and scuttle along the alleys.

It is not over so long as there are children, babies, six-months, eight-months old, left homeless--parents dead, houses destroyed. Little girls huddled in doorways scratching in the dirt for scraps from someone's leavings. And older girls, standing in doorways, leaning and posturing, selling their wares--the only wares they have, God help them! And children no more than twelve sold by their parents. Yes, you wince, and wince you should. But I tell you only facts,

only what these eyes have seen. Do I disturb you? Good! You do not need to hear these things? You find them distasteful? Yet you say you want to understand the life, the whole life of Angela; you cannot understand it until you hear these things.

Brescia the Beautiful! Brescia the Prosperous! Yes, there was that; but underneath was this other, the things that hurt our eyes to look at. And yet it was this other that kept the Madre here. I know that also for a fact. Brescia the Beautiful, the Comfortable; Brescia, city of security--this would have had no hold on her. It was the Brescia that needed her skills--skills she hardly knew she had until they were tested, skills she drew out of her bone and flesh to minister to those who needed her.

If you are looking for miracles, that was the miracle: that this country woman, sheltered from corruption, given to prayer and penance, virginal, pure, could walk into our blighted streets, infected and depraved, without fear or revulsion, putting out hands to comfort and sustain.

You think I exaggerate? No, no. I know what it was like. She lived in my house. I saw her when she came from her work--from nurturing abandoned children, from trying to bring hope and faith back into those distorted lives of women sold or raped, young women, some hardly old enough

to bear the child that had been forced upon them. I saw her then. And I tell you, as God is my witness, I tell you that her eyes were pools of sadness, that her small body sagged under the weight she bore.

I would have the table set and food placed for her. But always it was just some bread, some vegetables. Hardly anything more. "Take some wine," I would say. "Take some wine; you need the strength." She would nod and smile but she did not take.

She lived like that, month after month, in prayer, in fasting, in work. And after a while when people came to know her, my house was never empty. My quiet house! Yes, filled always with those who sought the Madre.

What did they want her for? Everything. Everything! "Madre, Madre, my son. He's a good boy, Madre. They say he makes trouble in the streets but, Madre, I know he's a good boy. He gets in with bad company and they influence him. His papa beats him but it does no good. Now, it's so bad we fight sometimes in the house over our son. Madre, please, if you will talk to him. I don't ask a miracle. Just you should talk to him a little. Grazie, Madre, Grazie! My husband will send you a basket of figs, the best figs, I promise you, fresh from the tree."

And next comes the problem of the daughter who cannot make a good marriage. "Dear Sister Angela, how good of you

to see my wife and me. No, I think we have not met. Perhaps. Yes, perhaps you have seen my wife in church. Well, ah, no, I think you have not seen me in church. Last Easter? Yes, yes, Easter, of course. Of course. We are all good Catholics in our family. That is what we wish to ask you about: the religious vocation of our little one, our Lucia. She is a good girl, very good, but God has not blessed her as He has the others. Her face. . . her face. . . it is all there, you understand--the eyes, the nose, almost all the teeth--but it is not beautiful. So far, there is no man. So my wife and I, we are thinking perhaps a convent is best. But, you see, the dowry money has been used. . . ."

Mother of God! They come to the Madre with everything: quarrels, lawsuits, marriages, vocations, sickness. And for everyone there is kindness. For everyone.

I say to her, "Madre, Madre, it is too late; send them home. You are tired. Tell them to find somebody else to listen to their troubles." But no. It is not her way. With her just to listen was to heal. I used to think that each day a miracle took place in my house.

Sometimes I would be so worried about her health that I would raise my voice to her. "They will kill you, these people," I would yell. Already she was a woman in her fifties. I was no more than thirty, yet I was worn out watching her. Where does the strength come from, I wondered, the strength

not only to keep acting but to keep acting so patiently, so kindly. Then, after she died, they let me read the Counsels she had left for her daughters--and I understood.

Have confidence and strong faith that God will assist you in everything. Pray to Him and humble yourselves under His mighty power, for there is no doubt that since it was He who gave you this great charge, so will He also give you the strength to carry it out, provided that you, for your part, do not fail Him.

Pardon, Excellency, I did not hear the question. No, no, I do not need to rest. You see, sometimes those days become so real to me. Old men's dreams, they call them, when you see what is long past and hear the voices of those who have gone ahead.

Yes, Excellency, it was I who accompanied her on the pilgrimages--the one to Mantua and then later, the great one, the one to the Holy Land. No, I did not go to Varallo. Yes, that is true. She went twice. The year? The year. . . perhaps fifteen thirty. . . . No, no, later than that. It could have been in the spring. . . Yes, that would be better. Ask Agostino Gallo; he accompanied her. He will remember.

Of course I remember the one to the Holy Land. Who could forget an experience such as that. The pilgrimage was large that year. Yes, that is correct: 1524. We left from Venice. Such pilgrimages always left from Venice. But first we

celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi at San Marco. Ah, that was something to see, I tell you. Flowers, flowers everywhere. The bridges festooned with them and the gondolas too. It was like the triumph of a great leader. Christus vincit! Christus regnat! At night the city was ablaze with candles and we followed in procession the great gold monstrance bearing the Holy Body of the Redeemer. And the music! Ah, the music! Pure silver trumpets, sweet and high and clear. And then following them, such melodies! Even I, hard-hearted as I am, wept for joy. What must it have been for her, the Holy One who walked beside me? Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. . . .

Yes, Excellency, yes. We left the next day through the usual route, down through the Adriatic, across the Mediterranean and then for a short stop at Candia.

It was there the Madre's own crucifixion came upon her. She was stricken blind. No, there had been no sickness, no sign, no warning. No one else was afflicted. At first I thought it was the result of the journey, that her body could not sustain the long voyage. Or, perhaps, I thought, there is something malevolent in the fog--for it was very foggy where we were. "Rest," I said to her. "Rest." And we did what we could to make her comfortable.

But when it was time for us to resume the voyage she was no better. I helped her up the gangplank and aboard the ship. She still retained some small remnant of vision

but not enough to manage by herself.

She would not listen when I suggested we return to Venice on another ship. She would go to the Holy Places, blind or not. Would I not lead her? she asked me. What could one say? So we traveled on until we reached the Holy Land. All the way I think I believed that God was just testing her and that when she set her foot on the holy Places He would give her back her sight.

But it was not so. She traveled on in darkness. I took her by the arm and led her, explaining where we were and what there was to see. Thus we travelled to Bethlehem and Nazareth, saw the Sea of Galilee, visited the Garden of the Agony. I seeing it all and she seeing nothing.

When she arrived where the Savior of the World was crucified she wept for a long time. And on her knees she kissed the soil where the blood of Jesus had flowed. She wept and I wept for her, knowing her fervent love for the places of the Passion and knowing for how many years she had longed to see them. Thus she walked in darkness as she followed in the footsteps of the One who called Himself the Light of the World.

No, Excellency, that is not correct. She did not regain her sight in the Holy Land. It was not until we had again reached Candia that while she was praying before a crucifix her eyes grew clear again. Yes, that is true. She never

suffered from blindness again. Once she regained her sight her vision remained keen for the rest of her life.

No, Sir, I have no explanation. But often when I think of those dark days, I remember what she later wrote to her daughters:

Tell them that they must raise their hopes on high, not place them on things of earth; they have Jesus Christ for their one and only treasure, for there will be love in heaven that is not to be sought in this world but high above at the Father's right hand: If you are risen with Christ seek the things that are above, not those of earth."

What connection do I make between these things? I leave that, Excellency, to your prayer.

That is all you require of me today? But there are still so many things to say! I see, I see. We will resume tomorrow at the same hour. Yes, Excellency, I will be here. No, no, I can get up by myself. Just a little stiff from sitting, that is all. If someone will give me my cane. Thank you. Tomorrow, then, at ten o'clock. *A domani!*





BARBARA FONTANA

One moment, please! One moment! Yes, may I help you? Of course, you may, of course. Come in. I was just tidying up a bit. It doesn't take much, you see. We--I--have only a small place here.

I think I recognize you, don't I? Ah, from the church. Yes, you sometimes come to early mass with an older woman. I see, your mother. You don't look very much alike, do you? Your older sister resembles your mother but you look more like your father. And your name. . . . Margarita. Welcome, Margarita, to our casa. I am Barbara. I live here alone now that the Madre is no longer with us.

Please sit down. Yes, here, in the chair. No, no. I am used to the stool. It is very comfortable for me. The chair was for the Madre. Please, please, don't get up. She would be the first to insist that you stay there. Of course she would. I know. I lived with her. . . right to the end. It's ~~strange~~ without her. Sometimes I turn and start to say, "Madre, would you like. . . ." Or I hurry in, thinking, "Madre will be ready to say evening prayer together."

How long did I live here with her? Ever since she returned from the pilgrimage to Varallo and set about the founding

of the Company. Let me see, that was almost seven years ago. Sometimes I feel that I have lived with her all my life.

Do you find it warm in here? May I get you something to drink? Some water, perhaps. I just brought it back from the fountain. That's one of our conveniences, you see, to be so close to the public fountain.

When Madre Angela lived with Signor Gallo, after she returned from Cremona, there were always servants to do things for her but when she moved here to St. Afra's then we must do everything for ourselves like poor people. of course, she would never say anything to insult Signor Gallo, he was so good to her, but I think she liked it this way. Here then, Margarita, a cup of water--and may it be filled with God's grace.

Is there some way, Margarita, I can help you? Please, please, take your time. Yes, I understand. These things are hard to speak of. You have thought for some time of asking to join the Company? Have you never spoken about this before? To your confessor or your parents or even to the Madre before her death? You must have seen her often in church in the mornings.

There is no need to tremble. Please, take a little more water. Take it slowly and take a deep breath. There. That's better. Remember as we talk that the Lord Jesus is present to us. And our Mother Angela, too, I think. How could it not be so? In this very room she promised always to be with her daughters,

even after her death.

So, then, Margarita: how old are you? Sixteen. You will be seventeen in August and your father says you are already old enough for marriage. Is there a man he has chosen for you? Yes, I know the name. They are a good family. But he does not please you? Handsome and a skilful carpenter, and still he does not please you? What is wrong with this girl!

Please, Margarita, please. I said it only to tease you. It is what your father says? And your mother, too. And what do you say? Nothing? You shake your head and look down and say nothing. That you are too young for marriage? But that is not the reason; there is something else. To belong to the Lord Jesus Christ and devote your life to His service. Yes, yes, I understand.

How long has this thought been in your heart? For two years? Since you were fourteen. First you thought you wished to be a nun--a Franciscan or Benedictine. And then you had a friend who joined our Company. Of course I know Bianca. She made her promises in the Company just last year. She tells you she is very happy in this way of life? I am so glad. But, Margarita, I must say something to you. It is not enough for you to want to be a member of the Company because your dearest friend has become a member. You understand that, don't you? It must be only for the sake of Our

Lord Jesus Christ. That is the only reason the Madre would ever accept. No other reason was good enough.

So: Bianca has told you something of our way of life and it was this that attracted you. But there was something else as well? Mother Angela herself. You watched her in the Church as she prayed and you thought you had never seen anyone pray like that. And she had such a kind face you thought you could tell her anything. I wish you had told her what you are telling me.

No, no. I understand. In front of your mother this would have been very difficult. Let me ask you, Margarita, with whom did you come now? Ah, your aunt, your mother's youngest sister. She is praying in church. I see. And where does she think you are? Meeting a young man! Here, in this house? Mother of God, what does she think of us! I know, I know; she is very romantic and so she will keep your secret. . . . But just the same, Margarita, you cannot use the paths of the devil to get to God. I'm sure you didn't mean to lie. Yes, of course, you had to find some way to come and talk to me and you could not tell your mother.

Does she want so much to have her daughter married? She wants you to be safe. Married to a good husband with a profitable trade and a family rooted in a good christian life Yes, that would make you safe. But cannot Jesus Christ

keep his spouses safe? Yes, but only in a convent, is that it? Well, it does not surprise me; there are many who think like that. You heard your parents talking when Bianca entered the Company. No, of course I won't be hurt if you tell me what they said. I have heard it before. Some people would even say it to the Madre's face.

Let me see if I can tell you how they talked. First the men square their shoulders and puff out their cheeks like judges about to give a sentence. You laugh. Am I not right? Is that not how it goes? Then they scowl in disapproval and begin to hand out judgment:

"There are two ways for good girls to live their lives here in our country: to marry a good man, a man approved by the parents; or to enter a convent.

"The man need not be rich--the rich are not always good. But substantial--you know what I mean. A man engaged in trade, a merchant with a solid backing behind him. Or more humble, perhaps, a man with a trade--a carpenter or leather-worker. There are many acceptable trades here in Brescia. If a young man is industrious he will get on well enough. These are the men who will make good husbands for our daughters.

"But if there should be some obstacle to marriage--something in the girl herself. Men are not always easy to please, you know. And they have a right, a right to expect

a wife who is presentable in face and form, a wife strong enough to bear children and intelligent enough to manage a household--yet not so intelligent that she may disregard her husband's counsel. She must be obedient. That is her Christian duty--we have the Scriptures to prove it!

"Or perhaps there is some difficulty with a proper dowry. This may be so, especially if she is the youngest. In that case, it is the duty of the parents to arrange some other way of life for her. The convent. Here she will be safe, well-looked after, and kept a maid. Then also, it will cost less. You understand. There are fine convents here in Brescia--enough to accomodate all who need them.

"So I ask you? why this new way of life? To me it is a scandal. It makes no sense. To be a consecrated virgin and to live in the world! To be and not to be. What nonsense is this! If my poor daughter must remain a virgin, then let her go and live where virgins live properly. What will I do with a consecrated virgin in my house? People will think I am a crazy father for permitting such a thing."

You blush, Margarita. You need not feel ashamed. I think there are many fathers who think like this.

And your mother? She, too, feels the Company is not a proper way of life? Oh, yes. I know how it is with women. I have heard them often enough. They pull their shawls more tightly about their heads and purse their lips, shaking

their heads a little. Young girls, they say, are very susceptible. Their friends must be carefully chosen from good families like their own. And this new Company which Suor Madre Angela has founded has no regard for this. She takes in everyone, they say. Orphaned girls without parents, poor girls who work as servants, girls without proper upbringing coming from God knows where.

Don't, Margarita, don't. It does not hurt me to know your mother says such things about us. If the Madre were here today she would smile and nod her head. She knew it all. Perhaps it was her proudest boast. "God is no respecter of persons," she would say. His sun shines upon us all and redeems us all--rich or poor, highly placed or unknown. None of those things mattered. She asked only that all who sought entrance into the Company be virgins who desired with all their hearts to serve the Lord.

There, now, dry your tears and let us talk some more. Stay where you are; I will get it. Benedetta! Come in. I have a visitor I would like you to meet. Benedetta, this is Margarita. She came to talk a little while her aunt prays in the church. Benedetta is a member of the Company. She has been one of us for two years now. Since November 1538, am I right?

No need to go, Margarita. Ah, yes, your aunt will begin to worry. All right, then. But you will come back?

Whenever you can. Often you can find me in the church in the mornings. But you must find a better excuse than you had this time; you understand? I will remember all you've told me and pray for you. God go with you, Margarita.

Poor child! I wonder what will become of her. No, she is not so young. She is almost seventeen but very timid--and so she fears to be quite honest with others--or with herself. She dreams of entering the Company, she told me, but her parents do not think well of us. Yes, of course, I can send one of the Mothers to talk with them. Perhaps Isabetta Prato or Maria Avagadro. But first I need to talk more with Margarita herself. Her parents wish to arrange a marriage for her and clearly the young man is not to her liking. Perhaps, as she says, it is because she feels drawn by God to a life of virginity but perhaps, also, she is using this as an escape. If the Madre were here she would know at once. She had that gift. For us, it will take a little longer.

And now, Benedetta, what of you? You have travelled all across the city on a very hot day. You needed to be for a little while here where the Madre lived. Of course, I don't think you're silly. I sometimes wonder what would happen to me if I were not able to continue to live in these rooms. I see her everywhere. Six months now since she left us and yet each day it seems that she lives with me. You understand?

I don't mean visions or dreams or things like that. I would be suspicious of such things. They were not her way. Only a very simple sense of presence, like faint music in the background. I don't speak like this to everyone. They would not understand. But I remember what she wrote to us before she died: that she will be constantly among us. I know now that her promise is true.

Signor Cozzano? Yes, I see him from time to time. He comes to visit. Like you, he needs to be where the Madre lived. He is writing some things about her, I think--and about the foundation of the Company. I'm not quite sure what. He is very quiet when he comes. He sits, as he used to sit before, when the Madre dictated to him, leaning forward, his head a little to one side. Of all of us I sometimes think he misses her the most. We are of the Company and so we continue to share her life. But for Signor Cozzano something is over. He was, perhaps, her most faithful friend. Oh, I don't mean that he loved her more than the others; but Signor Gallo and Signor Romano were more active, more caught up in doing things, in arrangements and business.

But Signor Cozzano. . . . He came so faithfully each day, sitting with his pen and ink, his papers and his sand. I never saw a man so patient, so attentive. Sometimes the Madre would dictate almost without hesitation--as though the Spirit spoke in her and she had only to let it pour forth.

And then, sometimes, there would be silence. . . long silence. At first I used to wonder why Signor Cozzano did not make a suggestion, help her on, as it were. He is a wise man, you know, and a scholar. But afterwards, when it was all finished--the Counsels and the Testament and the Rule--he showed them to me, written in his own neat, formal hand. "There is nothing of mine in this," he said. And I knew it was true.

Those were days I shall never forget. Everything she has left us was written in this room. Here, where you sit. Sometimes she wanted me here with them as they worked; or sometimes I would be in the next room. But always I could hear her voice, clear and unhesitating, like a young person's voice. All those Counsels read to us in our monthly meetings at the Oratory written here in this room, written out of her life. . . . You understand what I mean when I say that, Benedetta? They were not counsels from her head but the dictates of her heart. She had lived them all her life and so at the end they rose up in her like a tree that puts forth green leaves after the long germination of the winter.

In her Counsels, she gave us her life:

The most important thing is to give honor to Jesus Christ.

Above all, be unassuming and kind. . .

Be kind always.

Be certain that you will never be abandoned.

Do what charity and the Holy Spirit inspire.

Her own words, just as she spoke them, here in this room. Yes, she had completed the Rule before the foundation of the Company. From the very beginning it was read to us once each month when we gathered at the Oratory as our mother wished.

It was, of course, at the Oratory that the Company was formally founded. But you know that. The Oratory? Oh, very much as you see it now: the simple table which serves as an altar, the large crucifix painted on the back wall, the frescoes on both sides representing the life of Our Savior and his Holy Mother. That is how it was when we made our promise.

She gathered us together on the feast of St. Catherine. Catherine was an important symbol for her of virginity and martyrdom. We were just twenty-eight in number. We assisted at Mass together and then we signed our names in the book the Madre had provided. And so the Company was founded with nothing more. This was the simplicity she desired. Perhaps it was because it was so simple that it touched us so deeply. There was no grand ceremonial to distract us, no special formulas to pronounce, no ritual to enact. Only the donation we made of ourselves united with Jesus at the Mass and then the tracing of our names in the book. All hidden away in a little room that was quite unknown to most of Brescia. It was the way she wanted our lives to be. There were to be no trumpets in the marketplace when the daughters of Angela passed by. There

was to be nothing to distinguish us--no dress, no buildings, no special exercises. We were to be just ordinary women--except that we lived our lives for Jesus Christ.

You never had a chance, Benedetta, to know her as I did. I think sometimes that was God's greatest grace to me, to be among her first daughters, to live with her here during those last years when after so long a time her dream came true.

Forty years she waited. Forty years! Twice as long as you have lived! I asked her once why she had not started to found the Company sooner and she looked at me so oddly, as though I had said something foolish. She had to wait, she said, until the Spirit revealed God's will to her. Just the same, forty years! It's more than a lifetime for many people. My father was not thirty when he died--and my uncle, too. Forty years! All those months and weeks and days--waiting. I know, I know. I almost said to her, "You'd expect God to be a little quicker."

Later, after her death, when I was speaking of this to Signor Cozzano, he said to me--I remember his words exactly: "God Himself inspired our mother to establish this Holy Rule in his name. She would never have wanted to start it," he said, "if Jesus Christ had not commanded her to do so, if He had not cried out in her heart."

Imagine, she was more than sixty when we elected her to direct the Company. Sixty--and very frail. Her body had shrunk

with age and fasting and her skin had darkened and withered a little, the way old people grow. Signor Gallo said she had never quite recovered from the terrible sickness she suffered at Cremona. And yet she accepted to govern the Company when we made our wishes known.

You were not with us for the first election, were you? That was in March and you did not join us until the following November. You know where it was held, don't you? No, not in the Oratory but here in this building. Come, let me show you. Our room here was not big enough. There were quite a number of us by then--over sixty. So, through the kindness of the Madre's confessor who was a canon of the church, we were able to use the large kitchen of this building for our first chapter.

It was crowded, of course, without enough proper room for everyone to sit. And some of us could not stop coughing from the smoke. You know how it is with big kitchens with all the smells and the heat of the stoves. It was still early March, thank God, or we probably would have been suffocated. See, here. Over there sat our Mother. She was very frail but attentive and quick of mind as ever.

Near her was Gian Girolamo, the notary--it was an official proceeding, you see, and it had to be properly notarized. Our witnesses were four good friends who lived on the same street: Jovita the linen-weaver, Gian the porter, Cipriano

the draper, and Gianpetro the shoemaker. I think they had never expected to be in on such proceedings in their whole lives! There they stood, in their heavy boots, trying to look dignified and business-like. I don't think they would ever have done it for anyone else but for the Madre they would do anything. She was their good neighbor, you see. To them she was not a famous person, a great lady--just a good neighbor who lived on their street.

I don't know what His Lordship the Bishop thought when he saw the signatures--but never mind. I think Madre Angela enjoyed it. It is as she would have wanted it to be. So here we stood. I stood over there, I remember, with the smoke from the fire getting in my eyes, and we elected Angela as the Mistress General of the Company until death.

As it turned out, we were to have her for only just two years and ten months. And during all that time she kept working on the Rule and the other writings she would leave us. Changing a word here, a phrase there, to make it clearer, more forceful.

Come, you're going to faint from the heat. Let's go back. And then, on January 27, just six months ago, she died. Is it true that she knew when she would die? I think so. I think she and the Lord Jesus shared many secrets. There are things I do not talk of because she would not wish me to; but sometimes I would see her--how can I express it?--so

wrapt in prayer that it was as though she had lost all consciousness of the world around her. When she opened her eyes she would look dazed like someone suddenly aroused from sleep.

That is what her faith was like. She believed in the love of Jesus Christ. Believed, Benedetta, believed! As we believe in water and food, in summer sunlight and winter snow. Just so, without doubt, as though her eyes had seen and her ears had heard--she believed in the love of Jesus Christ and in His Spirit within her. Just that, nothing more. No miracles, no solemn words. Just the breath of the Spirit and her breath in unison, never breaking the rhythm of God's love in her,

Once even--but this I tell you in strictest confidence-- I saw her body raised, truly, raised above the ground. Of these things she never spoke and I never dared to ask.

They say that some day the Church will make an investigation and they will examine carefully all who knew her, and then the Pope in Rome will declare her to be a saint. I laugh when I hear them talk like that. I laugh because she would laugh. It would not matter to her. Honor, glory, esteem--these were not the things she cared about.

One day she said to me, "Barbara, I have a treasure. Did you know that?" I was startled; I didn't know what to say. A treasure, here, in this poor room? A treasure when

she wore the poorest clothing and the soles of her sandals were worn so thin her feet almost touched the ground when she walked! What treasure could she have? For a minute I thought perhaps she was ill, that her mind was wandering. But when I looked I could see she was keen as ever with a little smile that made me think that she was laughing at me.

"Treasure, Madre?" I asked. "What treasure?"

"The Company is my treasure," she said. "My only treasure." I think of that often now, when I am here alone. We are her treasure, Benedetta. She has told us so. We. The Company.

Benedetta, are you able to read? No, I can't either. I thought that if you could read we could take the copy of the Legacy that Signor Cozzano has left here with me and you could read the last part of it. You do? You know it by heart? I do, too. Yes. Oh, yes, let's. Standing here by her chair.

Persevere, then, faithfully and joyfully with the work you have begun. Take care, I say again. take care that you do not grow lukewarm, because every promise I have made you will see fulfilled in full measure. Now I take my leave, while you must wait and continue with your work. But first I embrace you and I give you all the kiss of peace, asking God to bless you. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.





ISABETTA PRATO

Good afternoon, Lucia. Please tell your mistress that Isabetta Prato is here to see her. No, she doesn't expect me. If she is busy I will be happy to wait but it is important for me to see her this afternoon. Thank you, yes. No, I know my way. If you will take my cloak, Lucia. I'm sure I won't need it. Ginevra will have a fire going.

Ginevra, forgive me. I had to see you and there was no time to send a messenger ahead. Have you been sick? Your eyes are so dark. I know, I know. Who can sleep these days! I wonder how she sleeps--the great Contessina Ladrone. Forgive me. I'm sorry. I try not to let these words slip out but sometimes they are too strong for me. So, then, you see how my heart is--hard and bitter, set against the very person Angela set over me to guide me--to guide us all. What has happened to us, Ginevra? Factions and dissent, a ban of excommunication against the Mistress General and yet Angela's dearest wish--her dying wish--was that we would always remain united in heart.

Thank you, yes. I need to be warmed by the fire. Perhaps if I get close enough it will warm my heart. . . so full of bitterness. I am ashamed and yet my shame does not change me. I go right on. . . cherishing the very thoughts I repudiate. Perhaps I should not have come. You have enough to weigh you down, Ginevra. Yet I felt I must see you. I had a message this morning from Maddalena Pietro--you remember her, a tall girl, a little heavy, her father is a clerk in the courts of law. She was admitted to the Chapter a year ago November. She said it was very important to talk with me as soon as possible. I said, yes, of course, that I would see her but I thought it more prudent if two of us were to hear what she will say.

You see how suspicious I have become, Ginevra! Afraid to speak lest what I say be turned against me--and not simply by wicked people but by our own. What has happened to me, Ginevra? What has happened? I scarcely know myself sometimes. It is Maddalena Pietro that I am going to see, I tell myself. . . a daughter of the Company, not some enemy who seeks to do us harm. And yet, I told her to come here so two of us would hear what she would say and two of us could give witness to our answers.

That is she now. I hear her speaking to your servant. Oh, yes. I think I know what she wishes. I hope I am wrong, God help me, but I think I know.

Come, Maddalena, come. You do not interrupt; we were waiting for you. And you have brought Paola with you. Of course, I know you, Paola. You and Maddalena come from the same district of the city and were admitted to Chapter on the same date. I asked you to come here, Maddalena, rather than to my home so that the Lady Ginevra could also hear what you would like to say. Yes, take off your shawls; it's warm in here. There is always a good fire kept burning in this room.

So, now, Maddalena, you have something to tell us. I can hardly hear you, child, you must speak up. No, Paola, I would prefer you not to explain. Let Maddalena say what she has to say herself. So, then, you have been thinking and praying about your place in the Company. And? And you have been advised to discontinue your life with us. No, I am not angry but I would like to know a little more about how this decision was made and who has advised you. One moment, Paola, let Maddalena finish, please. From whom have you sought advice, Maddalena?

Your parents say it is not a proper way of life. But when the Lady Avagadro went to see them before you were first presented to the Company they said they were content with your choice--not overjoyed, perhaps, but content. Ah, but since then they have talked to other people. And they have been told that the course you pursue is a

dangerous one, that to live a life such as you have chosen, the life of a consecrated virgin remaining in the world, is fraught with perils.

And what wise person has told them this? Your parish priest--and also your confessor. And what about you, Maddalena, do you think your life is fraught with perils? Ah, yes, you think it must be so because wise men say it. And what of the Spirit, the Spirit who dwells by faith in your heart, does the Spirit agree with what these wise men say? You lower your head. You have no answer? You must be obedient to what your father and your confessor say. Yes, I suppose you must. And so you wish to leave the Company. That is what you have come to tell us.

And Paola, what of you? Have you come simply to strengthen Maddalena in her decision--or do you have a message of your own? No. No. I am not surprised. Your story is like Maddalena's, I am sure. Your parents are friends? And they have talked it over. And you have the same confessor. Then, of course, it is logical that you will reach the same decision.

Yes, of course, I accept what you are telling me. You expected it to be more difficult? To tell me, you mean? So you thought it better to come together, is that it? What did you expect? That I would argue with you? Coerce you into changing your minds? Threaten you with punishment?

That has never been our way, Paola, and please God it never will.

No, no, please don't kiss my hand, Maddalena; that is not our way either. Am I disappointed in you? That I am disappointed, I confess. Disappointed in you? That's another question. I would only be disappointed if I felt you were not following the guidance of the Spirit. Let me remind me of what our Mother Angela has written in the rule on Obedience:

Above all, you must obey the counsels and inspirations constantly to be heard in your hearts by the action of the Holy Spirit; this voice we shall hear the more clearly as our conscience is purer and more spotless; for the Holy Spirit, according to the word of Jesus, is He who teaches us all truth.

If you have prayed and if you follow your conscience as Madre Angela directed, then I have no cause for disappointment with you, Maddalena.

So, then, go in God's peace, both of you. There is something further to say, Paola? You promised to give me a message? Francesca Rienzi and Maria Rosata also wish to leave the Company. Tell them. . . tell them I have heard the message but that they must come to see Lady Ginevra Luzzago. We must hear their decision from their own lips, you understand? Tell them there is no cause for fear. Tell them no one will try to coerce them.

God go with you. Lucia will show you to the door. Wrap your shawls around you now; the sun is going down and it will be getting cold.

The sun is going down, Ginevra; it is slipping behind the horizon and leaving us in darkness. Maddalena, Paola, Francesca, Maria. . . all gone in a single day. And last week it was Pierrina and Adela and Adreana. . . and next week? How many next week? And the week after that. . . and after that? Who shall be left? Who of all the Company shall be left?

I know, I know. I should not let myself grow so upset. It does no good. And yet there is a fear that comes over me, Ginevra, a fear cold as death. If this storm continues how can the Company survive? Of course I read her promises. Sometimes at night I sit by my bed and read over and over:

*Hold it for certain that this Rule has been planted
by His holy hand and that He will never abandon
this Company till the end of time.*

And when my candle burns down and I am left alone in the dark, I hold the pages between my hands as though to touch them, to hold them close to me, will stem my fear and bring me hope again.

How has this happened, Ginevra? Angela dead scarcely more than four years and already the very thing she gave her life for weak and toppling. I suppose I am the one who knew her longest. We met shortly after she came to Brescia

when she had just moved to the house of Antonio Romano. She came to see the work I was doing with orphans and abandoned girls and offered to assist me. For a long time that was all I knew about her--her compassion, her fierce desire to help the destitute. Then little by little I saw that inner spirit--that dedication to the Lord Jesus--and after a while she began to talk, as friends will, about her dream.

She had one constant dream: to fulfill the command that God had given her while she was still only a girl--a command to found a company of virgins. And now, each day, we watch that company crumble--as though the waiting, the prayer, the work and sacrifice were nothing. May God forgive me but sometimes I cry to heaven for a sign that He will be faithful to His promises to us.

I hear your door opening again, Ginevra. Do you expect another visitor? Perhaps I should go. I can slip out the back way. I'm afraid I'm poor company today. No reason why I should inflict myself on your guest.

Signor Cozzano! You were looking for me at my house and they told you I was here? Yes, Ginevra and I had some business concerning the Company. Bad news, of course; it seems the only kind there is these days. Four more young women wish to leave the Company. Ginevra will write down the necessary information and give it to you.

The same story; always the same story. Their parents are uneasy and the priests they consult have nothing good to say about us. The well-born argue that it is not right to have their daughters living with working-class girls and those whom they call "low-born." They think it dangerous to give young women the freedom to live in their own homes and expect them to be chaste--there are too many temptations, they say. These have always been problems but now it is worse, much worse, as I'm sure you know, Signor Cozzano.

Now they attack the very person of the Madre, saying that in her arrogance she set herself up against the founders of monasticism, thinking herself holier than St. Benedict, St. Clare, St. Francis. And there are some who go even further--questioning whether such an arrogant spirit can be saved. They question her salvation, Signor Cozzano, her salvation! Mother of God! How can men say these things, passing them from tongue to tongue like trivial gossip in the marketplace.

When Angela was first writing the Counsels I used to think that in places she had used exaggerated language and sometimes I would even protest a little. But now I think there was no exaggeration. For the first time I understand what she was warning us about when she wrote:

Understand that you have to defend and protect your flock from wolves and robbers; that is, from two types of dangerous persons--from the trickery of worldly people and false religious, and from heretics.

The wolves and robbers are very clear to me now. How to protect our flock is not so clear.

Of course the young women of the Company are frightened. They are young and susceptible and they fear to be caught in some deadly peril. I cannot blame them for leaving us. I will tell you whom I blame: I blame those whose evil spirit condemns us out of hand!

I know, I know. I ask your pardon. I have no right to blame anyone. I have an evil spirit myself these days. What are we to do, Signor Cozzano? What guidance can you give us?

First you have some questions to put to us: what do we hear about Lucrezia Ladrone? How are the members of the Company--especially the older members, Angela's first daughters--reacting to what has happened?

Part of that I think you know. Even at the beginning I for one was surprised when Angela appointed the Contessina to succeed her. Before that the Madre had made it clear that the Mistress General would be chosen from one of the daughters. Perhaps under other circumstances we would have questioned this decision; but we had grown to rely on the Madre's wisdom and holiness. For myself, I thought she had her reasons and I kept my feelings to myself. It was not until Contessina Ladrone began to give orders that we felt were contrary to the Spirit of the foundation that there was open talk.

In itself the question of the cincture was a small matter but to decree special clothing, something that would set the daughters apart, identify them wherever they were, when it was so clearly Angela's wish that they should simply take their place in society, undistinguished by anything except the holiness of their lives. As you know, this caused a storm. Perhaps to a man's mind a single article of clothing should not be the cause of such a clatter but to women, Signor Cozzano, even to women professing obedience and humility, a single article of clothing is enough to cause a revolution.

Had the Contessina been willing to withdraw the decree, even temporarily, until there had been time to assess the matter rationally, the storm, I think, would have died down. Instead, there was another decree: "We command as it was already commanded . . . that every maiden in the Company shall wear the black cincture. . . under pain of expulsion and other penalties."

She alleged to speak for the Company but in fact she spoke for only a portion. Moreover, the tone was foreign to us. What had this threatening language of punishment to do with the language of Angela who when she wrote, telling us how to guide the members of the Company, directed:

Please try to bring them up with love, with a gentle and kindly hand, not domineeringly nor harshly. Try to be kind always.

It was then, as you know, Signor Cozzano, that there was open discord. What occurred then we owe to your happy intervention. I'm sure that Monsignor Ferretti would never have countered this decree had it not been for your influence. I'm sure, too, that neither you nor Monsignor ever expected the Contessina to persist as she did.

I must tell you candidly that some of the Lady Governors felt that Monsignor Ferretti's action in excommunicating the Contessina was extreme. I suppose that in order to maintain his authority there was no other course. And once that excommunication was in effect, we felt that we had no other course. Ginevra, who had been our first assistant since the election of 1537, was made our Mistress General.

It has not been easy for anyone. But at least, now, it is clear where we stand. The scandal is behind us. We have new leadership, leadership we trust, leadership we feel will carry out the spirit of the Madre. Perhaps once this rupture is forgotten the Company will stabilize again. We have read often Angela's directions:

*Follow what charity and the Holy Spirit will
inspire and suggest to you, directing everything
toward the well-being and spiritual advantage
of your dear daughters.*

We have tried, imperfect as we are, to be faithful to that counsel.

You are silent, Signor Cozzano. Yet you have something to say to us; I have learned to know that look. A document has come for us? From Rome? The confirmation of the Company and the Rule! Oh, Ginevra, Ginevra! What a coward I have been! So full of doubt, and see, just when I was ready to lose hope, God has opened the heavens for us. Surely this will make those who oppose us see us in a different light! Perhaps even poor Maddalena's parents will change their minds once they know that we have papal approbation.

Signor Cozzano? Signor? Something is wrong. There is something more, something you are afraid to tell us. Please, we would prefer to know, whatever it is. It cannot be so bad. If Rome has given its approval what can harm us now?

There is a clause in the document which absolves from excommunication all the governors of the Company? I don't quite understand? Contessina Ladrone? . . . The excommunication is removed? And so. . . and so. . . she will be free again to resume the leadership of the Company. We cannot oppose it because the decree further states that anyone who opposes this can be dealt with as those in authority command?

In effect, we have no recourse.

Yes, Signor, I know. We must plan for the future. There must be a reconciliation. Yes, yes, of course, we will meet together. I don't think we are ready to talk about these

things now. You understand. Thank you for coming to us. Thank you for all you do. Yes. Perhaps tomorrow. After we have thought a while. . . and prayed. Lucia will see you out, Signor.

Lucia, can you fix the fire for us. It is growing cold in here. And light the candles, please.

Ginevra. Ginevra, my dear. . . what shall we do? For a moment when Signor Cozzano told us that Rome had approved the Company I saw a great light. I saw, for a moment, the Company growing, like the mustard seed in the Gospel. spreading beyond Brescia, taking root in other cities, even beyond Italy, spreading everywhere. . . the Madre's words read in other countries. For a moment. . . and then it was gone. What shall we do, Ginevra? What will the Company do? I want it to live. She wanted it to live, too. . . the Madre. She said it was her treasure? Do you remember? I cannot bear to have her treasure destroyed.

Yes, I know where you keep the book of the Counsels--in the little drawer in the cabinet. Yes, yes, I have enough light. You want me to read the last Legacy? Yes, I have it. I'll try, Ginevra, but you must be patient with me.

If, with change of times and circumstances, it becomes necessary to make fresh rules, or to alter anything, then do it with prudence, after taking

good advice. Let your first refuge always be to have recourse to Jesus Christ, to pray fervently with all your daughters. In this way, Jesus Christ will undoubtedly be in your midst, and like a true and good Master, He will enlighten you and instruct you as to what you should do. Hold it for certain that this Rule has been planted directly by His Holy Hand and that He will never abandon this Company till the end of time. If it was He who planted it in the first place, who is there that can uproot it? Believe this: do not doubt but have firm faith that this will be so.

O my God, on my knees, I ask for your mercy. Forgive my doubts, the darkness that sweeps over me and blinds me to your promises. Forgive the coldness of my heart that paralyzes the Spirit of your love in me. Forgive us all--forgive our bickerings and dissensions, forgive the trivial hurts we treat like mortal wounds, forgive our narrow spirit--harsh and intractable. Forgive the lightness with which we treat your grace in us, the slowness of our hearts to see how passionately you cherish us.

Touch these blind eyes with faith so that we may believe your promise never to abandon us. You have carried us

all the way, even to this place. Where you will lead us now is hidden in the mystery of your love. Into that love we abandon ourselves and the Company wherever it will exist until the end of time.



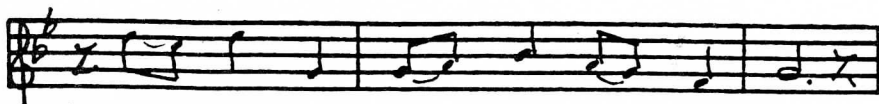
ANGELA

Words: Nancy Malone, OSU

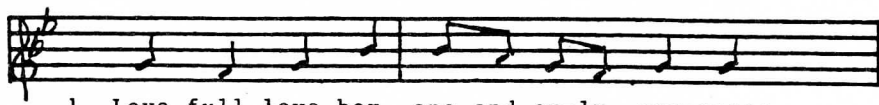
Music: Beth Dowd, OSU



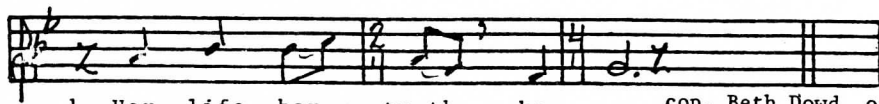
- 1 Je-sus Christ her one and on-ly trea - sure,
- 2 Je-sus Christ her one and on-ly trea - sure,
- 3 Love full love her one and on-ly mea - sure:



- 1 When light shone bright and dark - ness lay.
- 2 In sum - mer sun and win - ter snow.
- 3 To walk with and to know and live.



- 1 Love full love her one and on-ly mea-sure:
- 2 Love full love her one and on-ly mea-sure:
- 3 Je-sus Christ her one and on-ly trea-sure --



- 1 Her life, her truth, her way. cop. Beth Dowd, osu, 1985
- 2 To live for, to walk with, to know. Permission granted
- 3 Her life her truth - - to give. for Ursuline use.



Graphics: Martha Counihan, osu

Calligraphy: Susan Conte, osu